

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

ADVENTURES ON A GREAT DAY.

The seventeenth of June, 1825, was a proud day for New-England. On that day was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The place of the event was the spot chosen for the celebration—the survivors of the battle were to participate in the scene—Lafayette was to be present on the occasion—Webster was to address the people—the corner stone of a Monument was to be laid with masonic ceremonies—every thing, in short, was to be done to render the day and the year conspicuous in the annals of New-England.

I rose at an early hour and with thousands of others from the neighboring towns, repaired to the metropolis. As I entered the city, the sun rose brilliantly on its spires, and the bells and the cannon mingled their loud and joyous voices to announce that the day was arrived. Every mast and flag-staff now lifted up their star-spangled banners—of which not a few bore evident marks of a semi-century's antiquity. The crowd continued to pour in from every quarter. Old and young—the grey-headed and infirm—children and grand-children—young men and maidens—every class and description from fifty miles around, on foot, in waggons, and on horseback, were seen urging their course towards the Common in Boston—the place whence the procession was to take up its line of march. I have since seen mobs and crowds in other cities, but I have never witnessed a multitude of people like that which was here assembled. A deep and impressive silence prevailed through the whole throng, as, hour after hour, it patiently and in the same place awaited the issuing forth from the State House of the old Revolutionary soldiers with their veteran companion, Lafayette, at their head. The countenance of each individual of that throng wore a look intelligent of the importance of the event about to be celebrated.

At length the signal announced that every thing was ready—there is no shouting—no huzzas—no tossing up of hands or waving of hats—all is still and quiet—expectation stands tip-toe to catch the first glimpse of the interesting scene, as the carriages successively draw up in front of the State House and receive each its complement of old soldiers to convey them to the scene of their glory. I had stationed myself where I could see them distinctly as they passed. Each had some time-worn badge—some relic of the revolution which he wore on his person or displayed from the carriage. By one was borne a tattered color, by another a dilapidated drum—here was seen a cocked hat with its gilt mountings tarnished with age—there a knapsack or cartouch box, moth-eaten and crumbling to pieces—some were dressed in their ancient regimentals, and some clad only in homespun garments, similar to those they wore on the day of the battle. As they passed along, the features of the old soldiers were scanned by every eye—gazed upon as the living records of the events in which they had participated—records which now for the last time perhaps were forever to be seen.

The first and most interesting part of the procession having passed me, I felt little inclination to witness the rest; and, accordingly, I joined the crowd which was already moving towards the heights of Charlestown. We found the whole neighborhood pre-occupied by a vast concourse of people. The hill-tops, steeples, houses and sheds all around were alive with heads—the battle ground was hedged in by a dense crowd which was kept from entering it by a double row of guards. I was anxious to get within the lines, where I observed a few more favored individuals were occasionally admitted, but at every point where I tried to effect an entrance, I was uniformly repulsed. The van of the procession was now arrived. I saw the old soldiers trembling under fatigue and decrepitude, assisted down from the carriages—at the side of each walked a young man, upon whose arms many of the soldiers leaned for support. In this way, slowly and with tot-

tering steps, they marched the whole length of the field. If any thing could bring up to the mind's eye the events of that day, it was the scene now passing before me, and I gazed upon these infirm old men, the venerable chronicles of another age, with feelings of gratitude and awe.

The remainder of the procession was now fast arriving. The words of the poet,

"What a length of tail behind,"

did not fail to recur to me. There were the masons, dressed out with all their dazzling paraphernalia—the uniform companies of soldiers with their gay crests—the marshalls, swelling with the importance of their brief authority—the invited guests, smacking their lips with the thoughts of a sumptuous dinner—grave senators and beardless representatives—ministers of church and ministers of state, all full of importance and looking upon the crowd with that peculiar smile of complacent satisfaction with which the former are on such occasions apt to be regarded by the latter. There was an air of aristocracy in the appearance of things, altogether at variance with the feelings of the great mass of spectators without. This feeling was exasperated to a still greater pitch by an incident which occurred in the part of the field where I stood.

"All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

The hill on the side next the town is surmounted by a street, which, in some places is many feet below its summit, being excavated for this purpose, and a stone wall is raised against its sides to protect the earth from falling. I was on this wall I had taken my station with the crowd, which, continuing to increase, compelled us to encroach a little upon the line of demarcation. From this position the guards attempted to remove us, but the necessity of our situation caused us to set at defiance the strictness of military law. Finding themselves too weak to carry their point, one of their number was despatched for a reinforcement.

In a short space of time, down came a whole company of soldiers, led on by their commander, who, as they approached, gave the word to charge bayonets. The cry was given on our part for quarter—but it was not respected—there would be little glory in restoring a body of citizens to order in so peaceable a manner—no laurels would be gained in so civil-like a proceeding. On they came, at full charge, a whole phalanx of youthful soldiers, whose maiden weapons were now for the first time to be signalized in actual service. On they came and over the wall went the whole crowd that had just before occupied it, helter skelter, helter head, full ten feet or more, into the street below. The scene of rage and confusion that ensued cannot easily be described. For myself I am a most pacific man—a peace-maker in every sense of the word—but I must confess my indignation was so roused by this transaction, that, in the heat of the moment, I seized hold of a stone and was just on the point of hurling it upon the aggressors, when my better judgment deterred me from the act. Many of my fellow sufferers, however, were not disposed to keep the peace so much as myself, and actually took the vengeance which I had only meditated.

Thus far we had been exceedingly passive, obedient and tractable—but a chord was now touched that would not easily cease to vibrate—the blood of a Yankee is emphatically cold and sluggish, but once aroused it, and you might as easily stay the waves on the sea-shore as check its progress. I almost feared the consequences of this military exploit, for I perceived among my companions, a stout determination to carry its object. It was impossible to regain the walls from beneath, but the word had gone forth to gain the interior of the lines or to be revenged on our assailants. We moved on in a body, and were joined to our march by others. We soon reached a point where there was no wall interposing between the street and the battle ground—where was nothing to check our progress but a slight fence and a guard of soldiers. The former was soon overthrown, while the latter perceiving their bulwarks so easily and unceremoniously demolished, and fearing perhaps the same fate themselves, gave way before us and suffered us to pass. We were now in the field,—a hundred men or more—the guards resumed their stations as soon as we had passed, and thus all communication between ourselves and the street was entirely cut off. We had passed the Rubicon and were determined not to retreat. Whether it was by accident or design I know not, but we formed our-

selves into a solid triangle—the regular Grecian cuneus—a disposition of forces well adapted for the present emergency, whether for forcing a further passage, or to resist an attempt, if made, to repel us from our vantage ground. The latter attempt was made, but in so bungling a manner it defeated its own end. On one side, and it was that where I stood—the charge was made by the cavalry, and on the other two the infantry made a simultaneous attack—so that the combined forces of these allied powers served only to concentrate our ranks more closely together, without stirring us an inch from the position we occupied.

In vain did the horseman brandish his sword—in vain urge on his prancing steed towards us—there we stood immovable as a rock. On the other side the bayonet was presented close to the breasts of our men, but they could not be intimidated or forced to retire. In a short time the retreat was sounded by our assailants, and we found ourselves in undisturbed possession of the field.

The position we now occupied was in the immediate vicinity of that where the corner stone of the monument was to be laid, the ceremonies of which were already commenced, and which, where we stood, could easily be discerned. But here we found a new antagonist in the masons themselves, who seemed to regard our presence with jealousy and suspicion. The only weapons, however, with which we carried on this new warfare were words, and with these some slight skirmishing took place. To a demand on their part as to our right of admission, an answer was made by one of our party questioning their own right.

"Well now," said a Yankee, "what right have you here better than we?"

"We are masons," answered a dozen voices, "and La Fayette is a mason."

"And La Fayette wears a shirt," retorted the Yankee, "and I wear a shirt too, and so where's the odds?"

The odds were against the United Brotherhood and they were compelled to give up the contest.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone was hardly completed, when the procession began to move for the seats arranged on the opposite side of the hill, at the foot of which the speaker was to address the assembly. A simultaneous movement took place in our own ranks, with this difference, however, that as the former moved in regular order, and at a slow march, the latter took up the double quick step, and in Indian fashion, scampered each where inclination led him. My object was to secure a seat where I might hear the orator, who, speaking in the open air, would, I was aware, be heard only at a short distance. Accordingly I posted myself in the row directly under the forum—some of my companions took the same seat with myself, and others, those in the rear. No sooner were we comfortably seated, than the procession approached. A marshal paps upon the bench I occupied, and brandishing his white paper wand, as does Chanticleer his wings before crowing, cries out, in a lusty voice, "These seats are reserved for the revolutionary heroes—none but the old soldiers will sit here!"

I have seen some service on Bunker Hill, thought I, remembering the scene through which I had just passed, but I can hardly pass muster among the veteran soldiers. With this reflection, I deemed it wiser to make a virtue of a necessity, and so resigned my seat for one in the rear of it. The revolutionary soldiers took their places, and I was congratulating myself on the seat I had secured, when the marshal again made his appearance.

"These seats," said he, "are for the Senate and House of Representatives—they will be reserved accordingly!"

Alas, thought I, I must again pull up stakes and shift quarters—I never can be mistaken for a senator, and as for a representative, I know not whom I represent but my own individual self. There was no time for reflection, and so with as good a grace as I could assume, I quit the premises, and left the senate and house of representatives in quiet occupation. This time, thought I, I will remove far enough from the sphere of great men, and accordingly I selected a seat some removes up the hill. But the big bugs continued to swarm in and around me on all sides. Some confusion was beginning to take place, owing to a failure of seats, when my evil genius, the marshal, with his white emblem in his hand, presents himself before me, and in a voice none the sweetest, exclaims,

"These seats are reserved for the special use of the clergy!"

Looking about me, I discovered for the first time that I was in the midst of a cloud of black coats and parson-looking faces, for neither of which, I felt assured, could my navy-blue frock, and my jovial physiognomy, even by the most superficial observer, be, for a moment, mistaken. What! I a parson! a right reverend clergy! oh no! the hoax was too preposterous—it would never pass current—I should be detected and nailed down, in Johnny Randolph's fashion, as a counterfeit coin, base metal. Finding it impossible to get a seat where I could remain unmolested, I again repaired to the vicinity of the forum, and seated myself on the ground in the lane that was formed between two rows of benches, where I was suffered to remain without further disturbance.

The prayer being said, and the hymn, composed by Pierpont for the occasion, sung—and a most glorious hymn it is—the effect of it as sung in the open air by ten thousand voices to that noble old tune, Old Hundred, was the most sublime and impressive I remember ever to have witnessed—the orator commenced his harangue. I hate personal descriptions, and therefore will not attempt to sketch the bold outlines of Webster's countenance. I have seen and heard him on other occasions, when his smile has seemed to me like that of the tiger crouching ere he layed upon his prey—but now there was nothing of that ferocious look lurking in his countenance, but it was all openness, benevolence, and majesty.

I have nothing further to relate of my adventures that day—there is one incident, however, of which as I was an eye and an ear witness, I may be permitted to testify as to its actual occurrence. It has never, I believe, found its way into the newspapers, but it will not, I suppose, be regarded on that account as the less entitled to credit. The orator was addressing the revolutionary soldiers in that eloquent passage concerning, "Venerable men! you have come down to us, from a former generation." As he proceeded, he says to them, "you are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country." This was pronounced by the orator in his most impressive manner, and with his full dark eye fixed upon the veterans before him. The appeal was so direct and powerful, that one of their number, hoary-headed and infirm, lifts himself from his seat and commences the narrative of his own personal reminiscences.

"Ye-ess! ye-ess!" said he, "I remember all about it—it was this hour fifty years ago, I was fighting here—I stood as it might be there—pointing with his staff to a spot some rods off—"

"Stop—stop—my friend," said the speaker, who had suspended his discourse upon being thus singularly interrupted, "stop, till I have finished my story, and then you shall tell yours."

But the old man did not seem to relish the proposition—he had told his story too often to listening ears to think it deserved to be thus disregarded.

"I stood right there," he continued, "and it was there, up there, that Warren fell—"

Here the old soldier fell himself, overpowered by the hands of his companions, who had some difficulty in preventing his rising again.

The oration was continued without further interruption—and with thousands of others, I sat bareheaded under a burning sun, till the services were completed. D.

From Fuller's Holy State, forming 1st vol. of Old English Prose Writers, we extract the following quaint and pithy saying:

"The dust that falls from a master's shoes is the best manure for his ground."

"The same word in Greek signifies rust and poison; and some strong poison is made of the rust of metals; but none more venomous than the rust of money in the rich man's purse."

"A widow is a woman whose head has been cut off, and yet she liveth."

"A pin is a blind needle; a needle is a pin with one eye."

"A house had better be too small for a day, than too great for a year. It is easier borrowing of thy neighbor a brace of chambers for a night, than a bag of money for a twelvemonth."

"As for those who will not take lawful pleasure, I am afraid they will take unlawful pleasure, and by lacing themselves too hard grow awry on one side."

MISCELLANY.

From the Dutchman's Fireside.

A HERO IN SNUFF-COLORED BREECHES.

A few days afterwards, Sybrandt arrived in his snuff-colored suit, which of itself was enough to ruin the brightest prospects of the most thriving wooer. Think what a contrast to the splendors of an aid-de-camp! the scarlet, gold-laced coat, the bright spurs, and gorgeous epaulettes. Poor Sybrandt! what superiority of the inside could weigh against this outside gear? Catalina received him, I cannot tell exactly how. She did not know herself, and how should I? It was an odd, incomprehensible comp and of affected indifference, and affected welcome; fear of showing too little feeling, and horror of exhibiting too much. In short, it was an awkward business, and Sybrandt made it still more so, by being suddenly seized by an acute fit of his old malady of shyness and embarrassment. Such a meeting has often been a prelude to an eternal separation.

The very next evening after his arrival, Sybrandt made his debut in his snuff-colored suit, at a grand party given by his excellency the Governor, in honor of his Majesty's birthday. All the aristocracy of the city were collected on this occasion, and, in order to give an additional dignity to the ceremony, several people of the first consequence delayed making their appearance till almost seven o'clock. The hoops and heads were prodigious; and it is recorded of more than one lady, that she went to this celebrated party with her head sticking out of one of the coach windows, and her hoop out of the other. Their sleeves it is true were not quite so exuberant as those of the present graceful mode; nor was it possible to mistake a lady's arm for her body, as is sometimes done in these degenerate days by near sighted dandies; one of whom, I am credibly informed, actually put his arm round the sleeve instead of the waist, in dancing the waltz last winter with a young belle just from Paris. Many a little sharp toed, high heeled satin shoe, sparkling in diamond paste buckles, did execution that night; and one old lady in particular displayed, with all the pride of conscious superiority, a pair of gloves her mother had worn at court in the reign of the gallant Charles the second, who came very near asking her to dance, and publicly declared her to be quite as elegant as Nell Gwynn, and almost as beautiful as the Dutchess of Cleveland. These consecrated relics descended in a direct line from generation to generation in this illustrious family, being considered the most valuable of its possessions, until they were sacrilegiously purloined by a gentleman of color belonging to the house, and afterwards exhibited during several seasons at the African balls. "To what vile uses we may come at last."

All the dignitaries of the province were present on this occasion, for their absence would have been looked upon as a proof of disloyalty, that might have cost them their places. Here were the illustrious members of the governor's council, who represented his Majesty in the 2nd degree. Next came the chief justice, and the puisne justices, all in those magnificent wigs which, as Captain Basil Hall asserts, give such superiority to the decisions of the judges of England—inasmuch as that when the head is so full of law, that it can hold no more, a vast superfluity of knowledge may be accommodated in the curls of the wig. Hence it has been gravely doubted whether those profound decisions of my lord Mansfield and Sir William Scott, which constitute the law and the profits in our courts, did actually emanate from the brains or wigs of the aforesaid oracles. Here too figured his Majesty's attorney general and his Majesty's solicitor general, who also wore wigs, but not so large as those of the judges, for that would have been considered a shrewd indication that they thought themselves equally learned in the law with their betters. Next came the rabble of little vermin that are farmed out in colonies in all ages and nations, to fatten on the spoils of industry, and tread upon the people who give them bread. Custom and excise officers, commissioners and paymasters, and every creeping thing which had the honor of serving and cheating his Majesty in the most contemptible station, here took precedence of the ancient and present lords of the soil and looked down upon them as inferior beings. His Majesty was the foundation of honor and glory, and his excellency the governor, being his direct and immediate representative, all claims to distinction were settled by propinquity to that distinguished functionary. Whoever was nearest to him in dignity of office was the next greatest man; and whatever lady could get the nearest to the governor's lady at a party was indubitably ennobled for that night, and became an object of envy ever afterward. Previous to the late revolution, more than one of our aristocratic families derived their pri-

ncipal distinction from their grandmothers once having dined with the governor and sat at the right hand of his lady at dinner.

If Sybrandt, the humble and obscure Sybrandt, who had nothing to recommend him but talents, learning, and impidity of soul—if he was awed by the majesty of this illustrious assemblage of dignities, almost all of whom tacked honorable to their names, who can blame him? And if, as he contrasted his snuff-colored dress with the gorgeous military costumes of the aids-de-camp and officers, he felt, in spite of himself, a consciousness of inferiority, who can wonder? And if, as he gazed on the big wigs of the judges, and the vast circumference of the hoops in which the beauties of New-York moved and revolved as if in a universe of their own, he trembled to his inmost heart, who shall dare to question his courage?

To the weight of this feeling of inferiority, which pressed upon the modesty of his nature, and, as it were, enveloped his intellects as in a fog of awkward embarrassment, were added various other causes of vexation. When it was whispered about that he was the country beau, the accepted one of the belle of New-York, the scrutiny he underwent would have quailed the heart of a roaring lion. The young ladies, who envied Catalina the conquest of the two aids, revenged themselves by uttering at her beau behind their fans.

"Lord," whispered Miss Van Dam to Miss Twentyman, "did you ever see such an old fashioned creature? I declare, he looks frightened out of his wits."

"And then his snuff-colored breeches!"—said the other. "He is handsome, too; but what is a man without a red coat and epaulettes?"

My readers will excuse the insertion of a certain word in the reply of the young lady, when they understand it was uttered in a whisper. I am the last man in this world to commit an outrage upon female decorum, and am not so ignorant of what is due to the delicacy of the sex as not to know that though it is considered allowable for young ladies now-a-days to expose their persons in the streets and at parties in the most generous manner, as well as to permit strangers to take them round the waist in a waltz, it would be indelicate in the highest degree to mention such matters in plain English. In fashionable ethics, indelicacy consists not much in the thing itself as in the words used in describing it.

While the young ladies were criticising the merits of our hero's snuff-colored costume, the mothers were investigating his other capabilities.

"They say he will be immensely rich," quoth Mrs. Van dam.

"You don't say so?" cried Mrs. Van Borsum.

"Yes, he has two old bachelor uncles as rich as Croesus."

"Croesus? who is he? I don't know him."

"A rich merchant in London, I believe."

"Well, but is it certain he will have the fortunes of both the old bachelors?"

"O certain. One of them has adopted him, and the other made his will and left him all he has."

"What a pity he should marry such a flirt as Miss Vancour!"

"O, a very great pity. Really I am sorry for the young fellow; he deserves a better wife. And she thought of her daughter."

"Indeed he does—so he does," echoed the other lady, and she thought of her daughter. They both began to despair of the aids; and the military and civil dignitaries; and the next object of their ambition was a rich provincial.

It was not many hours after this conversation, before our friend Sybrandt was introduced to these good ladies, at their particular instance, and by them to their daughters.

"Is he rich enough to take me home?" whispered Miss Van Borsum to her mother—home being the phrase for old England at that time, when it was considered vulgar to belong to a colony. "Is he rich enough to take me home?"

"As rich as Croesus, the great London merchant."

"Then I am determined to set my cap at him in spite of his snuff-colored—!" thought Miss Van Borsum. By one of those inextricable manœuvres with which experienced dames contrive arrangements of this sort, Sybrandt was actually forced into dancing a minuet with Miss Van Borsum, although he would almost have preferred dancing a jig upon nothing. The young lady nearly equalled Catalina in this the most graceful and ladylike of all dances; and having a beautiful little foot *et cetera*, many were the keen darts she launched from her pointed satin shoes, and diamond buckles at the hearts of the beholders. The dancing of our hero was not altogether despicable; but the snuff-colored—! they did his business for that night with all the young ladies and mothers, who did not know he was the heir of two rich old bachelors.

From the Boston Traveller.

BOURRIENNE'S NAPOLEON.

The Memoire of Napoleon Bonaparte, which have just come from the press of Messrs. Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, in two handsome octavos, will produce considerable stir among the large class who are interested in the history of the master spirit of the present century. Bourrienne had advantages which no other man could possess, for obtaining the materials of such a work. He was Bonaparte's companion for several years at the Royal School of Brienne, where they were educated together at the public expense; intimate with him afterwards, while on the way from a lieutenant to the command in chief of the army; his private secretary during most of the Italian and all the Egyptian campaigns, and most of the consulate; always, during these many years, on confidential terms.

Bonaparte, for some cause, discharged his secretary; but by the intercession of Josephine, who befriended him, he was some time afterwards appointed minister of the French empire at Hamburg, a sort of outpost for reconnoitering Germany and the Northern powers; and for a short time, during his patron's last reign, he held the station of minister of police. All these places afforded him facilities, enjoyed by no other person, for obtaining original documents, copies of private letters, minutes of casual conversations, and every thing that enters into the secret history of his illustrious subject. The authenticity of some of his statements has been questioned in England; but in France, where alone the truth can be ascertained, Bourrienne is held by many to be the only faithful chronicler of the wonderful career of his friend and master. He attempts a correction of the numerous misstatements that abound in the large and small books of those who have written of Bonaparte, and deals out frequent reproof and bitter sarcasm to Scott, whose *Life of Napoleon* has had great circulation in this country.

Bourrienne conducts his reader through the consulate, the directory, and the empire; the first abdications of Bonaparte, his resurrection from Elba, the government of an hundred days, and second downfall in 1815; but without any notice of his relegation at St. Helena. He exalts Talleyrand, Marmont, and Bernadotte, and denounces Fouché, as thus far all the memoir writers have done. There is a vast fund of curious matter in these volumes; but we must content ourselves at this time, with the following account of an interview between Napoleon and the son of Madame de Stael; he had come to solicit of the Emperor permission for his mother to return to Paris.

On opening M. de Stael's letter, he said, "Ah! ah!—what have we here? A letter from M. de Stael. He wishes to see me. What can he want? Can there be any thing in common between me and the refugees of Geneva?" "Sire," observed Lauriston, "he is a very young man, [he was not above seventeen,] and as well as I could judge from the little I saw of him, there is something very prepossessing in his appearance."

"A very young man, say you?—oh, then I will see him. Rustan, tell him to come in." M. de Stael presented himself to Napoleon with modesty, but without any unbecoming timidity. When he had respectfully made his obeisance to the Emperor, a conversation ensued between them, which Duroc described to me in nearly the following manner:—

As M. de Stael advanced towards the Emperor, the latter said, "Whence do you come?" "From Geneva, Sire." "Where is your mother?" "She is either in Vienna, or will soon be there." "At Vienna—well that is where she ought to be, and I suppose she is happy. She will now have a good opportunity of learning German." "Sire, how can you imagine my mother is happy when she is absent from her country and friends? If I were permitted to lay before your Majesty my mother's confidential letter, you would see how unhappy she is in her exile." "Ah! bah! your mother unhappy! indeed! However, I do not mean to say she is altogether so. She has talent! perhaps too much; and hers is an unbridled talent. She was educated amidst the chaos of the Liberated Monarchy and the revolution, and out of these elements makes an amalgamation of her own. All this is very dangerous. Her enthusiasm is likely to make proselytes. I must keep watch upon her. She does not like me; and for the interests of those whom she would not compromise, I must prohibit her from coming to Paris."

Young de Stael stated that his object in seeking the interview with the Emperor, was to petition his mother's return to Paris. Napoleon having listened without impatience to the reasons he urged in support of his request, said—"but supposing I were to permit your mother to return to Paris, six months would not elapse before I should be obliged to send her to the Bicetre or to the Temple. This I should be sorry to do, because it would make a noise and hurt me with the public. Tell your mother that my determination is irrevocable."

She shall never set foot in Paris as long as I live."

"Sire, I cannot believe that you would arbitrarily imprison my mother if she gave you no reason for such severity."

"She would give me fifty—I know her well."

"Sire, permit me to say that I am certain my mother would live in Paris in a way that would afford no ground of reproach. She would live retired, and see only a few friends. In spite of your Majesty's refusal, I venture to entreat that you would give her a trial, were it only for six weeks or a month."

"Do you think I am to be deceived by these fair promises? I tell you it cannot be. She would enroll herself under the banner of the Faubourg St. Germain. She sees nobody, indeed! Could she make that sacrifice? She would visit and receive company. She would be guilty of a thousand follies. She would be saying things which she may consider as very good jokes, but which I should take seriously. My government is no joke; I wish this to be well known by every body."

"Sire, will your Majesty permit me to repeat that my mother has no wish whatever to mingle in society. She would confine herself to the circle of a few friends, a list of whom she would give to your Majesty. You, Sire, who love France so well, may form some idea of the misery my mother suffers in her banishment. I conjure your Majesty to yield to my entreaties and let us be included in the number of your faithful subjects."

"You!"

"Yes, Sire; or if your Majesty persist in your refusal, permit a son to inquire what can have raised your displeasure against his mother. Some say it was my grandfather's last work, but I can assure your Majesty that my mother had nothing to do with that."

"Yes, certainly," added Napoleon, with more ill humor than he had hitherto manifested, "that work was very objectionable. Your grandfather was an ideologist, a fool, an old maniac. At sixty years of age to think of forming plans to overthrow my constitution! States would be well governed, truly, under such theorists, who judge of men from books, and the world from the map."

"Sire, since my grandfather's plans are in your Majesty's eyes nothing but vain theories, I cannot conceive why they should so highly excite your displeasure. There is no political economist who has not traced out plans of constitutions."

"Oh! as to political economists, they are mere visionaries who are dreaming of plans of finance, while they are unfit to fulfil the duties of a village schoolmaster. Your grandfather's work is that of an obstinate old man, who died abusing all governments."

"Sire, may I presume to suppose from the way in which you speak of it, that your Majesty judges from the report of malignant persons, and that you have not yourself read it?"

"That is a mistake; I have read it myself from beginning to end."

"Then your Majesty must have seen how my grandfather tenders justice to your genius." "Fine justice truly; he calls me the indispensable man, but judging from his arguments, the best thing that could be done, would be to cut my throat! Yes, I was indeed indispensable to repair the follies of your grandfather, and the mischief he did to France. It was he who overturned the monarchy, and sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold."

At that moment, young de Stael renewed his solicitations for the recall of his mother from exile. Bonaparte then stepped up to him and pinched his ear with an air of familiarity which was customary to him when he was in good humor, or wished to appear so. "You are young," said he, "if you had my age and experience you would judge of things more correctly. I am far from being displeased with your frankness. I like to see a son plead his mother's cause. Your mother has given you a difficult commission, and you have executed it clearly. I am glad I have this opportunity of conversing with you. I love to talk with young people when they are unassuming, and not too fond of arguing. But I will not hold out false hopes to you. If your mother was in prison, I would not hesitate to liberate her, but nothing shall induce me to recall her from exile."

"After all, I cannot understand why she should be anxious to come to Paris. Why should she wish to place herself immediately within the reach of my tyranny? Can she not go to Rome, to Berlin, to Vienna, to Milan, or to London? Yes, that is the place for her; there she may libel me as much as she pleases. In short, she has my full liberty to be any where but in Paris. You see, M. de Stael, that is the place of my residence, and there I will have only those who are attached to me. I know from experience that if I were to allow your mother to come to Paris, she would spoil every body about me. She would finish the spoiling of Garat. It was she who ruined the Tribunat. I know she would promise mightily, but she cannot refrain from meddling with politics."

"I can assure your Majesty that my mother does not now concern herself with politics. She devotes herself exclusively to the society of her friends and to literature."

"Ah! there it is! literature! do you think I am to be imposed upon by that word? While discoursing upon literature, morals, the fine arts and such things, it is easy to dabble in politics. Let women mind their knitting."

THE PEDANT AND THE SAILOR.

A man of learning lived upon the banks of a river; he was not one of those amiable sages who enjoy in solitude the fruits of their studies, but a real pedant, overflowing with Greek and Latin, who incessantly tormented every body he met, with quotations, metaphors, &c. If he had but contented himself with addressing those who were able to understand him—but he was surrounded by poor peasants, who knew little beyond their field and plough, and yet he accompanied them into their huts with Homer, Horace, and Sophocles, without even translating his quotations. "Sir," said the peasants to him, "let us till our fields, and plant our cabbages—if we spent our time in filling our heads with things which we do not understand, your cook would find no vegetables in market, and you would not have such fine fruit upon the table." But instead of seeing the truth in this observation, he exclaimed with much self-satisfaction, "*Labor improbus omnia vincit.*"

Not far from this pedant lived a sailor, a droll fellow, who was always merry and happy, constantly singing, and was considered very skillful in his profession. One day the pedant had occasion to go to the other side of the river, and went on board the sailor's boat, who immediately took his oars and pushed off. On the way the following dialogue took place between them.

"Friend," said the passenger to the boatman, "you seem to be very cheerful and happy, and I suppose you are very well satisfied with yourself?"

"And why should I not be satisfied?" said the boatman; "I make good use of my time, and have no cause of sorrow."

"Ah! you make good use of your time! Truly I should be glad to know whether you deserve to be so happy. Can you read?"

"No, sir, not a letter."

"Poor wretch! You cannot read, and yet you sing! Why, you have lost a quarter of your life!"

The boatman did not answer, but continued to sing. Soon after the pedant continued—

"Can you write?"

"Why, to be sure not! I told you I could not read, so how should I write?"

"What! You cannot write, and yet so cheerful! You have lost another quarter of your life!"

The boatman shrugged his shoulders, but did not seem less cheerful than before. Presently the pedant began again.

"Boatman, do you understand mineralogy, ornithology, zoology, astrology, physiology, and psychology, &c.?"

"The deuce take all your foolish long names! What do I want with them?"

"How! You know nothing of these fine things, and yet fancy yourself happy?—Why, you have again lost a quarter of your life!"

During this conversation, a storm had suddenly arisen, the waves tossed the light boat, and at length drove it on a rock, on which it could not but perish.

"Sir," said the boatman to his companion, at this critical moment, "can you swim?"

"No indeed, I cannot; I have had more important matters to attend to."

"Well, then, I fear you have lost your whole life."

Thus saying he leaped into the waves and swam on shore. He suffered the pedant to struggle awhile in the water, and pretended not to hear his cries for assistance. At length he took compassion on him, helped him out of the water, and took him home half dead with fear, dripping wet, and trembling with cold. Since that time the pedant is said to have lost most of his pride.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

BY A VETERAN.

I spent all, save the dawning of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching skies of the East. Even amidst the forest of Nepal the name of Bonaparte sounded like a spell. While his ambition was condemned, his genius was admired, his misfortunes deplored; often have I wished to encounter him face to face; the closest approach, however, that fortune enabled me to make to him, was by a pilgrimage to his tomb.

When at St. Helena, I started one morning with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The peculiarities of the locality have been laid before the public so often and so amply, on canvass and on pa-

per, that further description is needless. The character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspect of desolation, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo that responds on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotions I took my stand on the slab, which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones and sceptres, he wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument! There the restless was at rest; There the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, reposed with almost as little sepulchral pomp as the humble tenant of a country church yard.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I also was a soldier of fortune—our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken till we reached our quarters.

On the following morning a French frigate arrived at the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their leader's ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have I witnessed enthusiasm like theirs. On the way, not an eye was dry—some who had served immediately under the Emperor wept aloud. As they drew nearer to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular; but the moment they saw the tomb they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounding the grave at uniform intervals, knelt down. The commander of the frigate and the others in succession, according to their rank, then kissed the slab; when they arose, every lip was fixed, every bosom full.

In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French Commodore was "The King of England—three times three." I really thought that the "hip—hip—hurra!" of our ancient enemies would never have an end. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed "The memory of that Great Warrior, Napoleon Bonaparte." The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing, in honor of the mighty dead, a sprig of his guardian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting. English Paper.

From *Bourienne's Life of Napoleon*.

At the time of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs. Still thinking it necessary, however, to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased at this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her, to examine them, she thought there was sufficient to make a very fine ornament. But to make the purchase, two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them, was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy, with as much speed as possible; and as, in those days, the contractors whose claims were admitted, overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop, to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed, it was the more difficult for her to do so, as the first consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busy-body, he knew or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were, therefore, condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket, without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and, being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourienne, there is

to be a large company here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg Bourienne, that you will keep near me. If he ask where I got my pearls, I will tell him, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time."

Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before." (Oh! you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair.) "But I think—" "Stay: ask Bourienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?" "Yes, General, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which well bred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

Musical powers of heat. "A discovery of a very curious nature, and one which promises to throw light on the subject of the propagation of heat among bodies, has recently been made by a gentleman now studying at the university here, Mr. Trevelyan, son of Sir Arthur Trevelyan, of Northumberland. It is this:—if a bar of iron, or brass, a common poker for instance, be heated in the fire, and then laid down on the floor or on a table, with the heated extremity resting on the edge of a block of lead two or three inches square, and one inch thick, the round knob of the handle resting on the table; if it be then lifted up and laid down again several times, to try the effect of different positions, and rocked a little so as to set it a-going, it continues for a long time vibrating and emitting a sound, varying in the tone and intensity with the table or mass on which it stands. To exhibit the effect, however, more conspicuously, and always with decisive success, Mr. Trevelyan has bars of brass or iron made on purpose, about twelve inches long; three or four inches of the bar at one end is broad and flat, having the underside formed with a longitudinal ridge, on which the bar being laid, may rock or vibrate easily up and down. This part is about one and a half inches broad, and one half inch thick at the ridge; the remainder of the bar is formed into a round handle, about one half inch diameter. When the flat end of this bar is heated, and laid with the ridge on a flat block of lead, an inch or two thick, and several inches square, it immediately begins of itself a gentle rocking motion, which increases to a certain extent, and then continues uniformly for a long time, moving regularly, and vibrating in a most surprising manner. If a bar of brass, ten or twelve inches long, be laid across the other, this vibrates along with it, and shows the effect still more conspicuously; if, instead of balancing the bar on the flat part of the lead, it be rested on the edge, and the other extremity on the table, no vibration is observable—but a loud and distinct sound is emitted from the apparatus, which continues for a long time to be heard. If we press with the finger on the table, or on the metal, the tone varies, and sometimes ceases; if we give the table a gentle rap, it again commences, and continues as before; if we set the apparatus on a box or sounding board, the tones are highly musical. These are the principal effects which have hitherto been discovered; they are, so far as we know, perfectly new, and certainly very curious and important.—They evidently arise from some peculiar action of the heated metal on the cold, as the heat passes from the one to the other, and is gradually transmitted through the mass; and they serve clearly, we think, to unveil some of the mysteries by which this great element operates on the internal particles of matter, penetrating into the heart of every substance, and diffusing continually its influence, until an equal temperature prevails throughout." Edinburgh Courier.

Miss Foote's Marriage with Lord Harrington. The Countess of Harrington was born in the year 1799, and is consequently in her 33d year. The Earl of Harrington completed his 51st year on the day preceding his nuptials. Miss Foote made her debut at the Plymouth Theatre, in the character of Juliet, in July, 1810. Her successful personation of this character, procured her an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, and she made her first appearance on the 26th May, 1813, as

Amanthis, in *The Child of Nature*. Lord Harrington, better known for many years by the title of Viscount Petersham, succeeded to the family honors on the death of his father, the late Earl, in September, 1820. The present peer moved in the courtly and convivial circles of his late Majesty, in whose household his lordship held the office of lord of the bed-chamber. It seems the Earl had been one of Miss Foote's admirers for some time past; and since her engagement at the Olympic, his lordship was very particular in his attention at the residence of the lady and her parent at Keppel street, Russell square. Her ladyship's wedding dresses are stated to be superb. The Earl's two eldest sisters, the Ladies Anna Maria and Charlotte Augusta Stanhope, married the Marquis of Tavistock and the Duke of Leinster. Miss Foote is the sixth actress that has been elevated to a peerage by marriage. The first was Miss Fenton, the celebrated *Polly*, who was married to the Duke of Bolton; the second, the all-elegant Miss Farren, who became Countess of Derby; the third, Miss Brunton, Countess of Craven; the fourth, Miss Bolton, Baroness Thurlow; the fifth, Miss Mellon, (Mrs. Courts) Duchess of St. Albans; the sixth, Miss Foote, Countess of Harrington. Previous to her marriage Miss Foote settled the fortune which she had realized by her profession, upon her father and mother who were both present at the ceremony.

When Captain Kotzebue, in his last voyage, visited the Sandwich Islands, he found Noomahanna, (the widow of his Majesty Tamoumea, who died in this country) so much increased in size that he did not know her again. She was six feet two inches high, and more than two ells in circumference. On one occasion the Captain called on her at dinner time; she was lying stretched on her prodigious stomach before the looking glass upon some fine mats; a number of china dishes were ranged in a semicircle before her, and the attendants were employed in handing first one and then another to her Majesty. She ate voraciously, whilst two boys flapped away the flies with large bunches of feathers. After the entrance of the captain, she ate enough to satisfy six men, and those Russians—at least the estimate of Kotzebue's. After she was satisfied, she drew her breath two or three times with apparent difficulty, and then exclaimed, "I have eaten famously." By the assistance of her attendants, she then turned on her back and made a sign with her hand to a strong fellow, who seemed prepared for duty. He immediately sprang upon her body, and kneaded her as unmercifully with his knees and fists, as if she had been a trough of bread; this was done to favor digestion. After groaning a little at this ungentle treatment, and taking a short time to recover herself, she ordered her Royal Person to be again turned on the stomach, and re-commenced her meal. Noomahanna and the fat hog, are the greatest curiosities in the Islands. By a natural sympathy with fatness, she loves every thing *en bon point*. The hog is black, of extraordinary size, and the Queen feeds him to suffocation, as other ladies do Dutch pigs.—He has two hannakas to attend upon him, and can scarcely move from obesity. Kotzebue's Voyages.

True Nobility. In 1829, two young commission merchants of this city failed, and surrendered up their whole property to their creditors, which fell short of their debts more than twenty thousand dollars. They received from their creditors a full and entire discharge from all their debts and responsibilities, and soon after dissolved their business connexion and began the world anew. Sometime last year, one of them presented to each of the creditors of the firm a check for twenty-five per cent, of the deficiency which had been relinquished. This week, the other presented in like manner to each creditor a check for a like amount.

We mention this circumstance with pride, for it is honorable to the character of human nature. We mention it with pleasure, as an evidence that the industry of the individuals alluded has been blessed with a success in some degree proportioned to their virtues. Such instances of high toned morality, are rare, and should be met with the approbation of a virtuous community; for they tend to elevate the character of society an hundred fold more the ostentatious donations to objects of at least doubtful utility, which are frequently mentioned to gratify the vanity of the donor, and to excite the emulation of the weak minded. We wish that we were at liberty to mention the names of these gentlemen; but we know that they would shrink from such a blazon; they know that they have been *honest*, and "would blush to find it fame." Boston Courier.

Cautionary Hint. Lord Chancellor Brougham lately complained of a noise in his Court, and told the door keeper that "it seemed of no use to speak to him, but if the noise continued, he should speak to his successor." Best Tracts.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 18, 1831.

CODES OF HONOR.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise." POPE.

Every class of mankind has its code of honor. There is none so low or so degraded in reputation, as to be destitute of some boundary, beyond which it is not creditable in their estimation to pass. Whatever they may be to the world at large, they must behave with becoming grace among themselves. They must not violate their acknowledged and standing code.

"Honor among thieves," is not an expression without meaning. Hordes of handitti have certain fixed rules for the guide of those belonging to their community; and though it is with them no dishonor to murder and rob in the way of their profession, to betray or otherwise injure one another would subject them to infamy and to punishment.

Honor among gentlemen (we use the word in its fashionable sense) is somewhat different, but is not more exact than honor among thieves. It does not prevent dishonest actions, nor does it preclude falsehood and intrigue; but, to be called a liar or a scoundrel, is not to be borne, and the man who submits to such insults is degraded in the estimation of his gentlemanly companions; the code of honor has been violated, the character has been called in question, and the stain must be washed away with blood. One or both parties must fall—the offender or the offended; like the sanguinary Jewish ritual, "without the shedding of blood there is no remission." The challenge must be given, the hostile meeting must take place; and the innocent man, as is often the case, being shot down, takes his murderer by the hand, and declares with his dying breath, that he is an honorable man! This is the code of honor among gentlemen; and of all codes it is the maddest and most absurd. Other codes require the punishment of the offender; this gives the offender a chance of killing the innocent.

Honor among kings requires that all crowned heads should help to keep the crowns on the heads of their royal brethren. Honor among aristocrats requires that every duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron and baronet, should aid in the maintenance of hereditary power and distinction; and by all sorts of means, whether honest or dishonest, endeavor to maintain pure and untouched the blood and the privileges of the nobility. Honor among religious sects, requires that members of the same denomination, however piously they may persecute and condemn all other sects, should not "worry and devour one another."

Honor among mechanics requires—not the best workmanship, the most excellent materials, or the most punctual fulfillment of promises made to customers—but it requires that no brother mechanic should undersell or underwork his neighbors; that, for a given price, neither the stuff nor the finish shall be superior to what is generally considered as the standard for similar cases. The mechanic may work as much worse as he pleases—he may make mahogany sideboards out of chestnut; morocco shoes out of sheepskin; or silver plate out of blocktin—in a word, he may cheat as much as he likes, both in the materials and the workmanship—that is no concern of his fellow mechanics, provided he keeps up the prices and does not injure the trade by underhand cheapness in selling.

Honor among boxers, bruisers, and the rough-and-tumble class generally, requires the due observance of "fair play," and that two or more persons should not fall upon one in the same engagement. Honor among gamblers exacts the payment of a gambling debt—which is emphatically a "debt of honor"—in preference to the payment of an honest debt, which may have been contracted for the necessities of life.

Honor among snuff-takers and tobacco-chewers provides, that no man's box shall exclude the fingers of his neighbor, and that each one shall be ever ready to return a *quid pro quo*.

Honor among fashionable ladies requires that they should never be found out in an intrigue; and that the sister, who is imprudent enough to be caught in a faux pas, should never be forgiven. Honor among lovers demands that they should behave with due deference to one another; and that one Adonis should not cut in, in order to cut out his friend and companion.

Such are a few of the items belonging to the various codes of honor that are to be found among mankind. But however diversified these codes may be, one principle pervades them all—to wit, That the members of each class, trade, or profes-

sion should not prey upon one another; and that however they may demean themselves among mankind, they should at least observe a due regard to those of their own order. In this respect they resemble birds and beasts of prey, which are never known to devour those of the same species. "Dog will not eat dog," is the homely saying; and we know that the hawk will not prey on its fellow hawk. But dogs have no scruple to devour the flesh of lamb; and hawks do not hesitate to tear in pieces the feeble kinds of birds.

Codes of honor then require neither more nor less than to—Look out for ourselves; and never presume to offer either injury, or insult to individuals of our own class. "Stand clear all rogues, except our friends!" was whistling sung by Christopher Caustic, L. L. D. But no code of honor requires one to give notice of danger to any set of rogues that ever lived, except those of one's own class.

"Honor bright!" says the thief to his companions, if he finds them disposed to take more than their share of the plunder—"honor bright, my cronies—that's the fair thing."—"Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?" said the immortal Falstaff, when, with his good sword he talked about opening that great oyster, the world. And Falstaff, the companion of princes and the commander of a "ragged regiment," was surely an honorable man.

To conclude—it is evident that honor and honesty have no necessary relationship; inasmuch as the former is found to thrive and flourish surprisingly in the absence of the latter.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

The novel by this title, which we lately announced as forthcoming from the pen of J. K. Paulding, is just published by the Harpers, forming No. 3. III. and IV. of their Library of Select Novels. Mr. Paulding is well known as the author of several works, among which we may mention "Letters from the South," "The Backwoodsman," and "John Bull in America." He has also been distinguished as the contributor, to some of our most popular periodicals.

The work before us we have perused with great pleasure. The scene is laid among the Dutch Settlers near Albany, and the time nearly a century ago, or about the period of the "old French war." The novel belongs to the historical class and one at least of the real personages of that period is made to figure in the work—namely, Sir William Johnson, of whom a striking character is drawn. Some of the stirring scenes of the war with the French and Indians are introduced, in which the hero of the story becomes more interesting by bearing a part.

The work is rendered amusing by contrasting the manners of the people and the condition of the country at that period with those of the present day. Many shrewd, curious, and original observations on men and things (for which by the by our author is somewhat distinguished) are scattered throughout the work. The admiration of foreigners, and every thing of a foreign growth, which marks the people of the present age as well as the former, is very properly ridiculed; as also that mistaken or ostentatious benevolence, which, by attempting to benefit the condition of mankind on a large scale, frequently overlooks the immediate objects of charity.

The difference of travelling in those good old times, as contrasted with the present, is amusingly set forth in the following account of a voyage to this city. The heroine comes to spend the winter among her relations in the great commercial emporium:—

"Catalina, accompanied by her father, embarked on board of the good sloop *Watervliet*, whereof was commander Captain Baltus Van Slingerland, a most experienced, deliberative, and circumspect skipper. This vessel was noted for making quick passages, wherein she excelled the much-vaunted *Liverpool* packets; seldom being more than three weeks in going from Albany to New-York, unless when she chanced to run on the flats, for which like her worthy, owners, she seemed to have an instinctive preference. Captain Baltus was a navigator of great sagacity and courage, having been the first man that ever undertook the dangerous voyage between the two cities without asking the prayers of the church and making his will. Moreover, he was so cautious in all his proceedings that he took nothing for granted, and would never be convinced that his vessel was near a shoal or a sandbank until she was high and dry aground. When properly certified, by ocular demonstration, he became perfectly satisfied, and sat himself to smoking his pipe till it pleased the waters to rise and float him off again. His patience under an accident of this kind was exemplary;

his pipe was his consolation—more effectual than all the precepts of philosophy."

Here follows some description of the river scenery, which, as it does not forward the voyage, we shall pass by, and come directly to the *Overlaugh*, on which the wise and cautious Van Slingerland was prepared to run aground by prudently replenishing his pipe and inserting it in the button-holes of his Dutch pea-jacket.

"Boss," said the ebony *Palinurus*, who presided over the destinies of the good sloop *Watervliet*—"boss, don't you tink I'd better put about? I tink we're most to the *Overlaugh* now."

"Captain Baltus very leisurely walked to the bow of the vessel, and after looking about a little, replied, 'A leetle funder, a leetle funder, Brom; no occasion to be in such a hurry before you are sure of a ting.'"

"Brom kept on his course grumbling a little in an under tone, until the sloop came to a sudden stop. The captain then bestirred himself to let go the anchor."

"No fear, boss, she wont run away."

"Very well," quoth Captain Baltus, "I'm satisfied now, perfectly satisfied. We are certainly on de *Overlaugh*."

"As clear as mud," answered Brom. The Captain then proceeded to light his pipe, and Brom followed his example. Every quarter of an hour a sloop would glide past in perfect safety, warned of the precise situation of the bar by the position of the *Watervliet*, and adding to the vexation of our travellers at being left behind. But Captain Baltus smoked away, now and then ejaculating 'Ay, ay, de more hashte de lesch speed; we shall see py and py.'"

The vessel, however, floated the next tide, and proceeded on her way; but was afterwards becalmed in the centre of the Highlands. Notwithstanding these delays, and running two or three times upon the oyster banks in Tappan Bay, the *Watervliet* arrived at New-York after the incredibly quick passage of ten days.

We will close this notice with a single other extract—being a sketch of

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

"Pliny was the youngest of nine sons and an unaccountable number of daughters, born unto Captain Pliny Coffin (the fifteenth) of Nantucket, a most ind-fatigable and industrious man by day and by night. Being called after his uncle, Deacon Pliny Mayhew (the tenth), he was patronized by that worthy 'Spermacetti candle of the church,' as he was called, and sent to school at an early age, with a view of following in the footsteps of his uncle. But Pliny the younger had a natural and irresistible vocation to salt water, inasmuch that at the age of eighteen months, or thereabouts, being left to amuse himself under the only tree in Nantucket, which grew in front of Captain Coffin's house, he crawled incontinently down to the sea-side, and was found disporting himself in the surf like unto a young gosling.—In like manner did Pliny the younger at a very early age, display a vehement predilection for great whales, to the which he was most probably incited by the stories of his father, Pliny the elder, who had been a mighty whaler in his day. When about three years old, a whale was driven ashore at Nantucket in a storm, where he perished, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to claim the spoil. On the morning of that memorable day, which is still recorded in the annals of Nantucket, Pliny the younger was missing, and great search being made for him he was not to be found in the whole island; to the grief of his mother, who was a very stout woman, and had killed three Indians with her own fair hand. As the people were gathered about the body of the whale, discussing the mysterious disappearance of the child, what was their astonishment to behold him coming forth from the stomach of the great fish, laughing right merrily at the prank he had played.

"But the truth must be confessed; he took his learning after the manner that people take physic, more especially doctors, with many wry faces and much tribulation of spirit. In fact he never learned his lesson in his whole life, until arriving at his fifth year, by good fortune a primer was put into his hand wherein was the picture of a whale, with the which he was so utterly delighted that he learned the whole two lines under it in the course of the day. The teacher aptly took the hint, and by means of pasting a whale at the head of his lessons, carried him mightily along in the career of knowledge. In process of time he came to be of the order of deacons, and was appointed to preach his first sermon, whereby a great calamity befell him, which drove him forth a wanderer on the vast continent of the universe. Unfortunately the meeting-house where he was to make his first essay stood in full view of the sea, which could be

distinctly seen from the pulpit; and just as Pliny the younger had divided his text into sixteen parts, behold! a mighty ship appeared, with a white bone in her teeth, plowing her way towards the island with clouds of canvass swelling in the wind. Whereupon the conviction came across his mind that this must be the good ship *Albatross*, returning from a whaling voyage in the great South Sea; and, sad to relate, his boyish instincts got the better of his better self. Delirious with eager curiosity, he rushed from the pulpit, and ran violently down to the sea-side like one possessed, leaving deacon Mayhew and the rest of the congregation, as it were, howling in the wilderness. The deacon was wroth, and forthwith disinherited him. The people said he was possessed of a devil, and talked of putting him to the ordeal; whereupon the unfortunate youth exiled himself from the land of his nativity, and went to seek his fortune among the heathen, who had steeples to their churches, and dealt in the abomination of white sleeves."

A MELTING LAY.

Ah! would you sing a melting lay—

A genuine summer strain—

Then sing it on a melting day,

When in a melting vein.

Bring glowing hearts

And burning darts;

Bring lovers' tropes;

And maiden's hopes;

Bring flashing eyes

And maiden's sighs

Bring love as hot as fire,

And let them meet

When the summer's heat

Is ninety-six or higher.

Thus got together

In melting weather,

Into the pot's kettle toss 'em;

And raise the heat until they run

Like butter in a summer's sun,

And liquid changes come across 'em.

Then quickly bring

From a phoenix's wing

A quill snatched hot and blazing;

And a melting lay

You may write away,

With a power that is amazing.

And should you expire

In the midst of the fire,

Then rest—ah rest you in peace;

Your name you'll enrol

In a burning scroll

Along with the bards of *Grease*.

THIS WALLS. The partition walls to our city houses are so thin that one would not dare assume the privilege of leaning back against them in his chair, lest he should find himself along with a heap of brick and mortar, in the premises of his neighbor. Indeed if we are rightly informed, an accident of this kind happened to a fat citizen not long since. He had recently moved into a new house, when leaning back as usual to take his afternoon nap, he waked up all of a sudden in his neighbor's parlor.

But there is an evil of greater magnitude, and more enduring consequences—it is the facility with which sound passes through these thin partitions. Though one's person should be safe, there is no security for family secrets; and a certain lecture, delivered with ever so much caution in one's own dormitory, may next day be proclaimed on the housetop of some babbling neighbor.—But, what is worse still, you cannot sleep; and though you may not care a fig for the exposure of your family secrets, you will hardly persuade yourself that the pleasure of listening to those of your neighbor is any tolerable offset for the loss of sleep. The effect of thin partitions is thus described by a London poet:—

"If you sigh, sneeze, or snore,

We can hear you next door;

Therefore pray be so kind

To take care of your wind.

If you're doleful or dry,

Pray dear neighbor don't sigh

Nor, your nose-itch to ease,

Don't furiously sneeze,

Nor sonorously snore,

Nor do any thing more

That will wake us next door."

BISCUIT MACHINE. A machine has been invented in Wilmington, Delaware, by which six thousand biscuits are made in an hour. What a number of jaws these crackers will keep in operation! But, query, could not a machine be made for eating them? One that would save the labor of mastication and deglutition, would meet with a ready sale this warm weather.

PARK THEATRE. Theatricals are now fast drawing to a close for the season, which usually ends on the 4th of July. Benefits are now mostly the order of the day; and that they may be real benefits to the meritorious performers, as well as to the public, the said public will do well to pay all due attention. The usual attractions are still to be found at the Park; and nobody, who is at all disposed to be pleased, can come away disappointed. Preparations are making to bring out the Opera of Masaniello; and for the improvement of the music, an organ is now building at considerable expense.

CHATHAM THEATRE. John Howard Payne's new Tragedy, *Oswald of Athens*, was produced, by Mr. J. J. Adams, at the Chatham on Monday Evening. The house was well filled, and the play went off with much eclat. The principal parts were creditably sustained by Messrs. J. J. Adams, Blake and Thorne; and Mrs. Hughes and Miss Waring. Some new and splendid scenery has been painted for the occasion, which does credit to the artist—such as several different views of the Acropolis of Athens, together with ruined temples, museums, &c. The Chatham is well ventilated, and enables one to breathe freely in warm weather.

SECOND EDITION OF THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE. We are glad to perceive that this work of our countryman is so popular that a second edition is already published. This indicates an uncommonly rapid sale.

STRAY TURKEY. We perceive in a late No. of the Charleston, S. C. Patriot, a "Roast Turkey," which is there said to have come from the Saturday Courier; but which, in fact, has strayed from the enclosures of the Constellation. Now a roast turkey, even though it be cold, is worth looking after, and as the one in question has wandered from its rightful owner, it is but fair to let the public know to whom it may be returned. By the by, the Patriot is for the most part abundantly exact in noticing the origin of these little matters and things; and doubtless made the mistake in this instance by receiving the "Roast Turkey" at second hand from our Philadelphia cotemporary.

RELIGIOUS MADNESS. We are informed by a physician of the Lunatic Asylum, belonging to our Hospital, that a large proportion of the recent cases in that institution are owing to religious excitement. A majority of these are of the "weaker vessel," and therefore easily wrought to a state of phrensy which has ended in perfect madness. Attending religious meetings early and late, to the neglect of all other duties—listening to the mad doctrines of predestination—and persuading themselves into the belief that they are among the fore-destined to everlasting burnings—it is not to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, poor human nature should take refuge in insanity. But these religious lunatics are not all females; and we saw a young man, who, in a state of despair, was constantly crying out—"He has destroyed the whole world! he has destroyed the whole world! Satan has destroyed the whole world!"

Many of our modern preachers, like John Bunyan, get their hearers into the "Slough of Despond"—but they do not, as honest John did by his hero, take care to get them out again. Like the poor creatures who were thrown into the water, in the famous Ordeal Trials, if they cannot swim, they must perish.

SNEEZING AT THE POLES. A writer in the American recommends, in pronouncing Polish names, to sneeze once or twice, and then emphatically add *ski!*

"A Brother is no more!" J. O. Rockwell, editor of the Providence Patriot, died on Monday last, in the 24th year of his age. The Journal of that place has a handsome obituary notice, from which we extract the following:—"The death of this young gentleman, has happened under circumstances, at once peculiar and impressive—he has fallen the victim of high wrought sensibilities. The world, which so often to the eye of youth seems clad in golden garments, was putting on for him the gloomiest hue—disappointments in his only prospects—those on which he had hung his hopes—for a long time had been feeling on his spirit, and abstracting from his cheek and eye, their color and expression.

As a true poet, his eye was open, and his ear alive to every hue and sound in nature, and he deeply quaffed the waters of those swelling fountains, which while they refine the heart, do steal away its sterner and stronger substance."

For The Constellation.

No. 1.

SLEEPING.

"In meditation pass not sleepless nights;
In method and in ease the mind delights,
Sound and sweet sleep the wearied mind befrieth;
Wisdom will teach, 'with day the study ends!'"

Sleep is undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings a kind Providence has bestowed on man, and equal in every respect to hope. "Take" says a modern philosopher, "from man sleep and hope, and he will be the most unhappy being in existence."—But like every other blessing it is subject to abuse, and consequently needs to be governed by prudence and discretion. To enjoy its most salutary effects, it should be indulged in at stated periods, and continued for a limited time—say from six to eight hours, which is sufficient for us under ordinary circumstances; and no time is more suitable for devoting to this purpose, than that during the silence of the night, when all animated nature seems to partake of the same enjoyment. This is the time nature points out and allots for that special purpose, when the body and mind are partially exhausted by the fatigues of the day. Those who go contrary to the dictates of nature—who spend their nights in revelling, voluptuousness, and dissipation, seeking the morning alone for repose—we too frequently find passing to a premature old age—yes, before they have fairly entered the meridian of life, they find their constitutions broken down, and their bodies pregnant with disease. They may then regret their folly, but alas! for them it is too late, for with their health impaired, their spirits become depressed, and ennu with all its attendant horrors succeeds. We see too many of our otherwise valuable young men, who might become ornaments to society, with their constitutions broken by watchfulness and dissipation, throwing themselves away, and becoming useless to their friends and a burthen to themselves. Parents cannot be too particular and watchful over their children, to prevent this common and growing evil. Those who in common language *turn night into day, and day into night*, cannot be sensible of the true enjoyments of quietude and repose, while those who observe the regularity due to themselves, and necessary to their health, awake every morning, after a sweet and balmy sleep, to the enjoyment, as it were, of new life, invigorated and refreshed.

Parents should accustom their children to regularity in all their habits. They should be made to retire and arise at regular hours, and not suffered to drowse away the morning, as is too often the case, "to keep them out of the way." Excessive sleep is equally injurious as too much wakefulness; it impairs the mind and senses and relaxes the memory. Habits of early rising are beneficial alike to the body and mind, and when followed from infancy up to manhood, will not be likely to be forsaken. Let him who doubts make the trial.

ALPHA.

For The Constellation.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A WOOD DOVE.

Come—rest with me, the rising moon
Will break through evening's twilight soon
And with its bright and silvery ray,
Will light thee Wood Dove on thy way;
But if, sweet Dove, like me thou roam,
Friendless and sad, without a home,
Ranging through airy climes above
As I, through changing climates rove;
It matters not where thou shalt rest
Through this long night, thy aching breast—
Here, is a weeping-willow tree
For every little wanderer, free,
On which, if thou wilt perch and stay
Thou shalt be welcome, wood Dove grey;
Wait yet awhile—I pray thee wait,
Night still is young—it is not late—
Come, stay with me 'till morning's dawn
Then, sweet Wood Dove, thou may'st be gone—
And shouldst, thou wing thy flight the way
Where first shall beam the star of day,
I pray thee, bear with thee along—
The friendless orphan's pensive song—
New-York, June, 1831. J. H. S.

A Quiz. A gentleman, relating one night, at a coffee-room in Oxford, that Dr. —, of Brazen Nose college, had put out his leg in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set off for the doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened. "Why," replied the gentleman, "how can a man cross a kennel without putting out his leg?"

Legal Pun. As several gentlemen of the bar were a few days since in conversation, one of them, under favor of the wind, received a portion of his neighbor's saliva upon his summer's coat. "Mr. R—" said the sufferer, "if this is the way you treat other persons' habits, you cannot expect to rate as a gentleman." U. S. Gaz.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

MURDER OF COLONEL HAYNE.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony, that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person. This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Colonel Hayne, who now conceived he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune. But it was not long before Lord Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominated it a bond of allegiance to the King, and called upon all who signed it to take up arms against the rebels!! threatening to treat as deserters those who refused!! This fraudulent proceeding in Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honest and honorable man. Col. Hayne being now compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the victims of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy and carried into Charleston.— Lord Rawdon, the British commander, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and, after a sort of mock trial, he was ordered to be hung! The sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition headed by the British Governor, and signed by a number of royals, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded.— The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and Tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Col. Hayne might be spared; but this also was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Col. Hayne's children (the mother had recently expired with the small pox,) should, in their mourning habiliments, be present to plead for the life of their only surviving parent;—being introduced into his presence they fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and weeping eyes, they beseeched their father's name, and plead most earnestly for his life. (Reader! what is your anticipation?) Do you imagine that Lord Rawdon, pitying their motherless condition, tenderly embraced these afflicted children, and restored to them the fond embrace of their father? No!! The unfeeling man still remained inexorable; he suffered even these little ones to plead in vain!! His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who beholding his only parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow. "Why," said he, "my son, will you thus break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow? have I not often told you that we came into this world to prepare for a better? For that better life my dear boy, your father is prepared.— Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me my son, that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution, and when I am dead, take me and bury me by the side of your mother." The youth fell on his father's neck. "Oh, my father! my father! I will be with you!" Col. Hayne would have returned the strong embrace of his son, but alas! his hands were confined with irons.— "Live," said he, "my son, live to honor God by a good life—live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters!" The next morning Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him— Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said—"Now my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Doot lay too much at heart, our separation from you—it will be but short. It was but lately your mother died. To-day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must soon follow us." "Yes, my father," replied the broken hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you, for indeed I feel that I cannot live long."

On seeing, therefore, his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but as soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stilled, and he never wept more. He died insane, and in his last moments often called on the name of his father in terms that brought tears from the hardest heart.

From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

EFFECTS OF LOVE.

Solario was originally a gipsy, or wandering tinker; it was in this character he first made his appearance at Naples in the beginning of the fifteenth century. He was, at this time, in the twenty seventh year of his age, having been born, it is said, although about this date there is some doubt, in the year 1382. While here he chanced to be employed to do some work in the way of his craft by a painter of the name of Colantonio del Fiore. This painter had a very beautiful daughter; the young lady was seen by Solario; and the tinker at once fell deeply in love with her. It was taking a bold step, certainly, and one not very likely to be successful; but, impelled by his passion, the enamored Solario determined to ask the lady from her father in marriage. His application was treated with ridicule by Colantonio; who, by way of effectually extinguishing the poor gipsy's hopes, told him that he meant to bestow his daughter only upon some one who was as good a painter as himself. "Then will you ac-

cept of me," said Solario, "for your son-in-law, if, after a certain time, I shall present myself to you with that qualification? Will you give me ten years to learn to paint, and so to entitle myself to the hand of your daughter? Colantonio thought that he would not hazard much by assenting to this proposal, by which he would at least rid himself for the present, and for a considerable time to come, of his importunate suitor, whose pertinacity and earnestness began somewhat to alarm him; and so, not greatly apprehending that he should ever hear more of him, he assured the tinker, that, if he came back within the period in question transformed into a painter, the young lady should be his. Before this, the story relates, Solario had, by some means or other, obtained the attention and favor of the King's sister; and he now insisted that Colantonio should go with him to that princess, and, in her presence, renew his covenant. Somewhat more favorably impressed towards his proposed son-in-law, probably, by being made aware of the interest he had at court, the painter agreed to this also; and the princess accordingly became the witness of the solemn ratification of his engagement. Having settled the matter thus far, Solario immediately left Naples, for Colantonio had stipulated that he should remove to a distance while acquiring his new accomplishments; and in the first instance, he proceeded directly to Rome. Here, however, he could not find an instructor to his mind; but he heard much talk of Lippo Lippi, who resided at Bologna, and thither therefore he determined to betake himself. On finding Lippo, and telling him his object, he received at first from that person only an urgent exhortation to think no more of so wild a plan, and to trust to the efficacy of time and absence to cure his passion; but Solario continued to press his application so perseveringly, employing even tears to aid his entreaties, that the reluctant painter was at last prevailed upon to admit him as his pupil. To the ardent Solario it now seemed as if all his difficulties were over. From the moment in which he began to receive Lippo's instructions, his application was unceasing. Awkward as he was at first, he soon became the admiration and envy of his fellow-students; and even his master himself now advised him to persevere in his new career, as earnestly as he had formerly endeavored to dissuade him from entering upon it. He remained six or seven years with Lippo, and then left Bologna to visit the other principal towns of Italy, with the view of improving himself in his art by studying the various styles of other painters. In this peregrination he spent nearly three years, during which he visited, among other places, Florence, Ferrara, and Venice; and then returned once more to Naples, after an absence of nine years and some months. His first presentation himself to one of the gentlemen attached to the court, whose picture he drew, and by his means he was introduced to the presence of his old friend, the princess, who would seem by this time to have ascended the throne. Changed as he was in outward appearance, as in every thing else, he was not recognised by his former patroness; but a Madonna and Child, of his own drawing, which he offered to her, was graciously accepted. When her majesty had expressed her approbation of this picture, the painter threw himself at her feet, and ventured to ask her if she did not recollect the wandering gipsy, who ten years before he had the honor of being admitted to her presence, and in whose fortune she had then been pleased to take an interest. After recognising him, the queen, at first, would scarcely believe that he had really painted the picture he had given her; but, on his executing in her presence a portrait of herself, she no longer doubted the truth of his pretensions. She then sent for Colantonio, and having submitted the pictures to his inspection, desired him to tell her what he thought of them. Colantonio extolled them both to the skies. On this her majesty asked him whether he would not rather give his daughter to the artist whose productions were now before him, than wait any longer for the return of the gipsy, of whom he had heard nothing for so many years? Too glad of such an opportunity of escaping from his engagement, the Neapolitan painter eagerly expressed his assent to this proposal; when her majesty, calling to Solario to step forward from his place of concealment behind a curtain, where he had heard all that passed, at once solved the mystery. We need scarcely add the conclusion of the story. Solario received his well-earned bride; the father, as he put her hand in his, remarking that, if not his ancestor, at least his art deserved her. Solario was soon after this appointed painter to the Neapolitan Court. During the remainder of his life he executed many works, which placed him in the very first rank of the painters of that age.

From the Boston Advertiser.

THE NATIVE AND THE ODD FISH.

Didn't it ever occur to you, that a man may be ruined by a bit of good luck as well as by bad? I'm sure it must. I had an uncle at Tralee, who was left seventy pounds by his wife's gossip, and he welcomed the gift so warmly, and caroused so heartily to the honor of the giver, that he never ceased drinking and losing his time—though he was a decent man, and did business as he ought before—until the seventy pounds, and a little to the tail of it, had slipped through his fingers. But that wasn't the end of it, for he got such bad habits as he never could shake off again; so he lived a few years a sot, and died a beggar; all which wouldn't have happened, but for the seventy pounds his wife's gossip gave him.

Maguire Mick, like my uncle at Tralee, has been ruined by a gift. He was once a hard working man, and did well, until young Pierce Voogh, just after he came into possession of the house that's called "The Beg," on the hill yonder—which he did at his father's death—gave Mick an ould gun once, for something I forget; and that gun has been the ruin of him. He works one day in the week to buy powder and shot; and half starves himself, and goes in rags the other six, prowling about the rocks, and firing at sea-gulls and so forth, but seldom shooting one.

Mick's an oddity, as I told you before; and why so? you'll say. Why, then, is it for his face, for he's good looking; nor for his figure, for he's straight and well built; nor for his jokes, for he never makes one; nor for any one thing in the world, but his always telling the plain naked truth; good or bad, no matter if it harms him, he don't mind, but always speaks the thing that is, and won't tell even a white lie for himself, much more for any one else;—and if that's not an oddity, I don't know what is. Mick was never known to tell a story in his whole life, but he's sworn to so many out of the way things, that he's often been suspected to be a big liar: for I need scarce say to you, that nothing can look more like a lie sometimes than the plain truth. But whatever Mick says, always at last and in the long run, turns out to be fact: so that we don't know what to think of the story he has of the fairy he saw on the rocks not long ago. It seems as much like a lie as any thing I ever heard; but if it is one, it's the first Mick told; and if so, truth then it's a thumper. And why shouldn't it?—A good man, when he does wrong, commits a big sin; while you and I only does dozens of little ones; and then that sticks by the truth in general, if they happen to tell a lie, faith! then it's a wonderful big one, and, may be, so is Mick's story; but you'll judge for yourself when you hear it. But don't forget the honesty of Mick's tongue; and bear in mind, too, that we shouldn't disbelieve any thing, simply because it's out of the way of us, and we never saw the likes of it out of our lives; for there's so many strange things in the world, that one don't know what to disbelieve; and of all the wonderful things I ever heard of, there's none seems to me so very wonderful as this, namely:—I exist, and I know it. Now for Mick's story:—

"One day," says he, "as I was out shooting on the black rocks, I clambered up to a place where I never was before; and I don't think man had set foot on it till then; it was higher than you'd think, looking up from the sea, which washed the foot of it; for the great crag itself, which none of us can climb—I mane that one where the eagles nest is—seemed to be below it. Well, thinks I, when I got to the top, I'll have a good pull at the birds from this, I'm sure; but no, I couldn't; for, though they were flying round and round it, devil a one would come within gun-shot, but kept going about, and going about until the head of me went round wid looking at them, and I began to feel sick, for I'd come out before breakfast, not intending to stay long; but somehow, I went further and further, and, at last, the sun was going down, and me there where I told you I was, a-top of the big crag. 'Michael,' says I to meself, 'it's time for you to be going too, for the birds won't come near you; and you're hungry, boy—so you are, Mick, you can't deny that. And it's true thin I couldn't; for I never was hungrier in my life than I was at that time, and sorrow the thing in my pocket softer than a flint. Well, thin, I began to go down; but before I'd got twenty steps, what do you think I saw there, upon the bare rock, where nobody seemed to have been before me, near upon half a day's journey higher than the sea—what, I say, do you think I saw lying before me there? you wouldn't guess in a year. Why thin it was an oyster! I started, as though a ghost had come across me. And why wouldn't I?—for I'd no right to expect to see such a thing as an oyster there, you know; had I? Thinks I, after a while,

'here's a fine mouthful for you, Mick, if it's only fresh; but may be, it's been there this thousand years.' Eh, thin, Mick! but you're lucky, so you are, if it should be eatable.'

"Sitting down on the rock, I put out my hand to get a hold of it, when what does it do, but lifts up its shell of its own self—and there was something inside it, just like an oyster, you'd think; but when you looked closer, what was it thin but a small dwarf of a man, wid a beard, and a little broad belly, and two short, fat, little darlings of legs, and his both hands in his breeches pockets, quite at home; and as aisy as you or I'd be in our arm chair; if we had one.

"I'm glad to see you, Mick," says he; 'it's a long time I've been expecting you.'

"Now, there's many that would have run away and broke their necks down the rock, at hearing the creature call them by their names, and say this; but I'm one that never feared Banelec, Leprehann, or any one of the little people, good, bad, or indifferent—why should I? So I pulled off my hat, and making a leg to him, 'sir,' says I, 'if I had known as much, I'd have come before.'

"Thank you kindly, Mick Maguire," says he. 'No thanks to me thin at all,' thinks I, 'if you knew what I know; for I was determined to devour him, if he was eatable.' And it's by my own name you call me, sir,' says I, 'is it?'

"To be sure it is," says he; 'you wouldn't have me call you out of your name, would you? And thin he fell laughing, as though his little face would have tumbled to pieces; and, faith! of all the faces I ever set eyes on, I never saw the likes of his for a roguish look. 'You wouldn't have me call you out of your name, would you, Mick,' says he again.

"Why thin no I wouldn't, and that's truth," says I; 'but what's your own name? I'd like to know, so I would,' says I.

"I dare say you would," says he. "And after that," says I, 'I'll be glad you'll tell me a small trifle about yourself, and how you live in your little house there, when you shut down the roof of it; and thin—'

"Bad manners to you, Mick," says he; 'don't be prying into a person's domestic arrangements.' Thin were his words. 'Mind your own business,' says he, 'and as me no questions about myself; for, may be, I went answer them.'

"But, sir," says I, thinking to get all I could out of him, before I ate him; 'sir,' says I, 'it isn't every day a person sees beatus a pair of oyster shells—'

"Oh! Mick!" says he, 'there's more out of the way things than myself in the sea.'

"I shouldn't wonder, sir," says I.

"There is, Mick," says he, 'take my word for it.'

"Sir," says I, 'if I'd such a mighty nate little cabin, I'd marry Molly Malony at once. Doesn't your honor ever think of getting a wife? or, may be, you're a widower?'

"Mick," says he, 'oysters don't marry.'

"You live mighty like a hermit, in your cell there," says I.

"Mighty like," says he.

"I suppose you have your beds too, and you count them," says I.

"I suppose I don't," says he, 'for I've but one.'

"Troth, and that's a thumper thin," says I, peeping into his little parlor; and there, sure enough, was a pearl big enough to be the making of me, and all the seed and breed of me, past, present, and to come, hanging by a bit of sea weed round his neck.

"Do you know what, Mick?" says he, 'I'm sick of the world, Mick; and I'm half inclined to give you leave to ate me.'

"Sir," says I, taking off my hat, 'I'm much obliged to you for nothing at all. It's meself manes to ate your honor, with or without leave, so I do.'

"Is it yourself, Mick?"

"Faith! and it is thin—though I say it; for I'm hungry, and, after that, I mane to take the big pearl, I see there about your neck.'

"Mick, you're a reprobate! Sure, you wouldn't be so ungentel, as to ate a gentleman against his own inclinations, would you?'

"Mesself would thin, and think it no sin, in case the gentleman was a plump little oyster, like your honor.'

"Thin, Mick, I wish you good evening!"

"Oh, joy!" says I, seeing how he was going to shut himself in; 'it's of no us, sir, to do so; I've a knife in my pocket, and it's not burglary in this country to break into the house of an oyster.'

"Mick," says he, 'an oyster's house iz his castle.'

"Castle!" says I, 'is it a castle?—two shells

with a little face in the middle of them a castle?—thin what's your cabin below but a palace?'

"A pig's palace, it is, Mick," says he.

"Musha! bad luck thin," says I, 'to every bit of you!—'

"Ah! Mick," says he, interrupting me, 'if I was half your size, I'd bate you blue, so I would. You're a dirty cur, and so was your father before you.'

"Say that again," says I, 'say my father was a cur, sir, again, and I'd be obliged to you;—just say it now, and see how I'll break every bone in your skin.'

"Bone!" says he, 'sorrow the bit of the bone is in me at all,' says he. 'Do you know any thing of anatomy Mick?'

"Anatomy!—that's a thing smaller than a mite, isn't it?'

"Arrah! no, man; don't you know what nerves and muscles manes?'

"Nerves meself knows little about; but is it muscles? Och! thin, didn't I get a bag full below on the beach, this day se'nnight? Tell me, sir, if you please, is a muscle any relation to your honor, sir?'

"Ah! Mick," says he, 'would you insult me? sure, we trace our pedigree up to the days of king Fergus, and the muscles wasn't known for whole ages after; they're fishes of yesterday—mushrooms of the ocean—' in the one of them knows whether or no he ever had a great grand-mother! Mick, this is a bad upstart world we live in!'

"It is," says I, 'people thinks of nobody but just their own selves; and doesn't mind what inconveniences they puts their fellow creatures to, so as they can't harried themselves.'

"True," says he, 'Mick: did you ever rade of the Romans?'

"I'm a Roman meself, sir."

"Phuge!" says he, 'it's of rulligion ye're a speaking!—I mane the ould Romans—Tiberius and Rebus—Brutus and Brian Boon—that sacrificed themselves for the good of their country.—There's the examples we ought to follow, Mick; we should help our fellow creatures, too, in necessity, if it lies in our power, and not stand, shilly-shally, thinking and turning it over whether it will be to our advantage or not.'

"Sir," says I, 'your honor speaks my own sentiments; and sure never could a finer time come up for practising what you preach than now. Luck up, your honor—luck up, and see meself, a poor fellow creature, in distress for a mouthful: I'm a part of my country, and you're an Irishman born, I'll be sworn.'

"Mick," says he, 'that's a different sort of a thing, intirely.'

"Not at all," says I, 'it's a case in point.'

"Well, Mick," says he, 'then I will—I will sacrifice meself.'

"And no thanks to you, sir," says I; 'you know you'd be sacrificed by me, whether you sacrificed yourself or no. Ah! ah!'

"Ha, ha!" says he, 'that's true; and it's the way of the world, Mick.'

"And may be, sir," says I, 'thin Romans yourself spoke about—'

"Blarney and humbug, Mick!—blarney and humbug! They did just what Shawn O'Shaughnessy did, while ago—jump overboard to show his bravery, when he knew the ship was sinking. But don't be in a hurry, Mick, seeing me licking my lips, and getting nearer him; 'although, Mick, I have no wish to live, for an oyster's life is a sad one, Mick.'

"Ah! sir," says I, 'and so is Mick Maguire's.'

"I've every wish in the world to travel into all four parts."

"And so have I, sir."

"But a snail's better off than I am. Can't he take a trip with his house on his back, and look about him when he likes?'

"That's just my own case," says I; 'there's John Carroll, the pedlar, takes his pack on his shoulder, and travels from Clennell to Carrick, from Carrick to Stradbalk, all over the rest of the world, two or three times a week.'

"Oh! musha! Mick," says he, 'don't grumble—you're not half so bad off as I am; it's tied by the back I am, to the floor of my house, and I can't stir a foot.'

"It isn't much money yourself spins in brogues and stockings then," says I, 'Ah! thin brogues aites a man out of house and home, intirely!—Does your honor know one Darby Walsh, a brogue maker?'

"No, I don't."

"Then mark this, sir," says I, 'if ever you shake the fist of him, you'll have a rogue in your gripe.'

"I knew one Jack Walsh," says he, 'at Calcutta.'

"An was your honor ever at Calcutta?"—says I.

"I was once, Mick," says he, 'I went out in a porpus, who very politely gave me an inside place for nothing; but, arrah! Mick, I was obliged to work my way home.'

"Did you know one Tiddy Maguire, in the East Indies?" says I.

"No, but I heard ta'k of him."

"He was a brother of mine, sir, and though I've axed every body that ever come from them parts, if they knew one Tiddy Maguire in the East Indies, devil a hap'orth of news could ever I get about him before. Will I tell your honor a story about Tiddy?—Sure, I will then:—Tiddy was a boy that used to be given to walking in his sleep; he'd go miles about, and bring home people's little pigs and poultry; and be all the while innocent of theft—quite intirely—so he said, any how. Will I to make a long story short, one night Tiddy was awake by a great knock on the head—abroad there in Morty Flinn's back yard, with a sucker from the ould sow's side, in his hand; how it came there, Tiddy never could give satisfactory account. When he got home—'Arrah! Tiddy,' says I, 'what's the matter, man? and who's been breaking the face of you?—And sure enough the blood was streaming through his hair like a brook, among underwood. 'Morty Flinn,'—says he, 'struck me while ago.' 'Arrah! man, and had you nothing in your hand to defend yourself wid?' says I. 'Troth! and I had thin, says he, 'but what's a sucking pig in a man's fist to a shovel?'

"But, sir," says I to the oyster, 'it's high time we should be better acquainted—by your leave, sir,' says I, taking out my skean dabb, and a fine knife it was:—'by your leave, sir—'

"Luck up, luck up, Mick!" says he.

"Meself lucked up as he bid me, and the curse of Cromwell on the crow that was flying over my head just thin;—the bird was basted enough to dirt the face of me, and down fell something, just as I lucked up, exactly betwix my two eyes. I was in a terrible rage, you may guess; but hark to what a fool I was;—instead of gutting my gun, and shooting the blackguard, what did meself do, in the heat of the moment, but pick up the oyster, and away wid it at him, thinking to knock a hole in his black coat!

"Caw!" says he, sailing off, 'caw-aw!' grinning at me.

"Caw-aw!" says the oyster, says he to me too, from a ledge of the rock below me, where he fell; 'caw-aw! Mick!—more sinse and bad luck to ye, Mick!'

"Ah! sir," says I, putting a good face on the matter, and thinking whether or no I could get at him:—'oh! sir,' says I, 'did you think I'd be bad enough to devour you?'

"Faith! you would, Mick," says he.

"Wasn't I polite?'

"Mighty; and may you break your neck going home, Mick! Your brother Tiddy was transported to the East Indies; your father wouldn't fight for his faction; your aunt had a pledge that was sent to the foundling, at Dublin; your cousin Jim is a tide proctor;—you're a bad set egg and bird;—your sister's husband is a swaddler; and your own father's mother-in-law's first cousin hung a priest. Mick! moreover—'

"Hold your tongue, you villain!" says I, levelling my gun at him. 'Hold your tongue, or I'll blow you to atoms!'

"Who cares for you?" says he, 'Didn't you steal the shot your gun is loaded wid?—Answer me that!'

"I will," says I, pulling the trigger, and knocking his house from the ledge, plump into the sea.

"I've done for you now, ould gentleman, I think," says I.

"No you haven't, Mick," says he, peeping out of his shell, as he was falling; 'you've done just what I wanted; a grate big bird carried me up where you found me—he couldn't open me, though, and left me there where I was; and instead of having done for me, you've sent me home, Mick,' says he, 'to my own bed, you blackguard, for which I'm mighty obliged—and bad luck to you, Mick!' says he, as he sunk into the sea.—And from that day to this, myself never set eyes on the little man in the oyster shells—though it's often I drame about him, and of what he said to me above on the crag there."

"Plain Speaking." In an appeal case, a witness was asked by Sir Edward Knatchbull, to relate what took place between him and his master, which he did as follows: "I told him he was a liar." Chairman—Very improper language. Witness—Can't help that; I am come here to speak the truth, and you have got it.

VARIETY.

Anecdote. Every body recollects the story about Sam Rogers, the poet and punster, being announced, at a party in Paris, as Mons. le Marquis, by a servant who mistook him for Tom Moore. We heard a gentleman tell a story of himself, some years ago, quite as good.

He arrived in Paris at noon one day, in the year 18—; he found all his countrymen prepared to attend a splendid party at Versailles; they were loud in expressing their regrets that he could not accompany them;—they were very sorry—but the thing was impossible—full court dresses alone were admissible, and to obtain one then—twice vain to think of it.

He listened patiently—told them to leave him to himself—he was sure he could find amusement somewhere.

No sooner were they gone, than he began to dress, and within an hour, was on the road to Versailles, fully equipped in blue coat, white vest, and nankin pantaloons. At the door of the splendid mansion, in which the company were assembled, his further progress was opposed by a servant whose life was far more showy than his own costume. He affected the utmost astonishment at the interruption, and would have again passed on. The servant pointed to his dress, and by word and sign, signified that it was not *comme il faut*, and he must retire. "Dress—dress," exclaimed the traveller, "not pass, not enter—why it is the same dress that is worn in the General Court at Boston." No sooner were the words uttered, than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet, "hooning and booning," preceded him, and with a loud voice announced, Mons. le General Court, de Boston; to the infinite amazement of the Americans in the group, and the exceeding delight of the new made General.

Discovery of a Will. The Marquis of Conyngham succeeded in 1796 to the large estates of his uncle, who was supposed to have died intestate. The following extraordinary particulars of the after discovery of the will are mentioned in Nicholas's Anecdotes:—"The remarkable manner in which it came to light was found related in the following memorandum of General Valancey, made in his Green Book, which contained an historical account of manuscript and printed documents relative to Ireland, and was sold at the sale of the General's library.—"Mr. Burton Conyngham had free access to my library in his absence, leaving receipt for such books as he took out. I was absent six years on duty in Cork harbor, leaving the care of my house in Dublin, to a servant maid; this book was taken by Mr. C. and a receipt on a slip of paper given, which the servant put into a book on the shelf. She was some time after discharged, and another hired. On my return, at the expiration of six years, I missed this book. In about two years, taking down the octavo in which Mr. C.'s note had been carefully deposited, the receipt fell out. Mr. Conyngham was dead, and died as was supposed, intestate; and his great estate devolved upon Lord C.'s nephew. I produced the receipt, and demanded the book or the payment of 200l. The book was not to be found; with others it had been packed in boxes, and sent to an auction; not sold, and brought back. At length Mr. A. Cooper, of the Treasury, who had the care of Mr. C.'s affairs, by long search discovered the book, when, on opening it, Mr. C.'s will fell out, by which it appeared that the estate was divided between Lord C. and his mother."

London paper.

The Queen's Domestic Tastes. The refined, domestic and truly feminine tastes of her Majesty, are generally known to and appreciated by, at least the female portion of her subjects; but few are inclined to give, even the most amiable of those called to bear the burthen of Royalty, credit for the possession of natural and unsophisticated feelings. It is however, asserted, that when the Duchess of Clarence first knew that she was become Queen of British Empire, she wept, almost without intermission, for a couple of days, mournfully exclaiming—"Farewell, then, to all my quiet happiness; for me, nothing now remains but the pomp and distractions of royalty and public life, instead of those private enjoyments which have hitherto formed my supreme—I may almost say, my sole gratification."

The following anecdote, illustrating that grasping vanity which would fain levy a universal tribute, is very happily introduced.

"Goldsmith was a man of the most felicitous endowments. His prose flows with such ease, copiousness and grace, that it resembles the song of the swans. His verses are among the most spirited, natural, and unaffected, in the English language. Yet he was not contented. If he saw a consummate dancer, he knew no reason why he should not do as well; and immediately felt disposed to essay his powers. If he heard an accomplished musician, he undertook to enter the lists with him. His conduct was of a piece with that of the countryman, who cheapening spectacles, and making experiment of them for ever in vain upon the book before him, was at length, asked, 'Could you ever read without spectacles?' to which he was obliged to answer, 'I do not know; I never tried.'"

EPITAPH.

The following striking lines from the epitaph of a miller in Richmond Church-yard. They are traditionally said to have been dreamed by him the night preceding his death:—

Earth walks upon earth, glittering like gold;
Earth turns to earth, sooner than it would,
Earth builds upon earth cities and towers;
Earth says to earth—All this shall be ours."

Athenæum.

Intelligence of Birds. A gentleman a few doors from us, relates the following:—A son of his, in the early part of the season, put up a cage in his garden, intended for the blue bird. Soon after it was completed, a pair of wrens paid it a visit, and being pleased with the tenement, took possession, and commenced building a nest. Before, however, the nest was completed, a pair of blue birds arrived.—laid claims to the cage, and after a hard battle, succeeded in ousting the wrens, and forthwith completed a nest on a plan of their own. But the male wren was a bird of spirit and not disposed to submit tamely to the injury, some days after, watching his opportunity when his antagonist was away, he entered the cage, and commenced rolling the eggs out of the nest. He had thrown out but one, when the blue bird discovered him, and with loud cries made an immediate attack. The wren sought safety in a neighboring currant bush, and by his activity in dodging about among the branches and on the ground, succeeded in eluding his enraged adversary. The blue bird gave up the chase, and returned to examine the condition of his nest. The egg had luckily fallen on a soft bed, and was not broken. After a careful examination, he took it in his claws and returned it safely to the nest.

A Peasant and an Emperor. A Persian Emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man clanking a wicker tree, and advancing towards him asked him his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant related him for uttering such absurdities in the presence of the Emperor. "You consume me without cause," replied the peasant. "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age, which has been passed in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." The Emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the tree that art planting come to perfection." "True," answered the sage, "but since others plant that we might eat it, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others." "Excellent!" exclaimed the Emperor; upon which, as was the custom whenever any was honored with the applause of the sovereign, a purse bearing a present of the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the peasant made a low obeisance, and added, "O King, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo!" said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit once a year, but mine has yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!" replied the Emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "return to thy father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should extinguish my treasury."

The habit of bartering our children sometimes with three or four given names, has often caused the smile of contempt and ridicule to sit on my lip. Can any thing be so stupid and vain, as to call to a little dirty arching, "Come here, Alexander Joseph Washington Johnson, and get your supper?" or, "Caroline Matilda Sephora Smith, it is time for you to be at the Fur Factory?" This reminds me of a tale I have read of a man once in Spain, who accidentally fell into a bog; the fellow hauled out most lustily, and a peasant within hearing opened his window—(it was a dark night)—and enquired what was the matter. "Pray help," said the fellow, "for Joseph Francisco Dominico Ferdinando Sebastiani is in the quagmire."—"Is that all?" said the peasant; "if you are such a set of lazy rascals, who won't help one another out, you may lie there and be drowned."

High and low Theatrical Salaries. "Whilst now a days 'Stars' with but few gozers, receive twenty, thirty, and even fifty pounds per night, Mrs. Siddons, in 'the meridian of her glory,' only received one thousand pounds for eighty nights, (i. e. about twelve pounds per night.) Mrs. Jordan's salary in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas per week. John Kemble, when actor and manager at Covent Garden, was paid thirty-six pounds per week. Miss O'Neill, twenty-five pounds per week. George Cooke, twenty pounds. Lewis, twenty pounds, as actor and manager. Edwin, the best buff and barletta singer that ever trod the English stage, only fourteen pounds per week; and Mrs. H. Siddons, by far the best representative of Juliet I ever saw, nine pounds per week. After this, may we not exclaim—'Ye little stars! hide your diminished heads!'"

Dramatic Annual.

Is this kidnapping? In hopes of standing on a reward, B. arrests an *Épiscopo*, and commits him to prison on suspicion of his being a slave. No evidence is offered of his being such, but circumstances prevent his proving his freedom. No one claims him, and he must now be sold for his jail fees. "Careless him at the jailer," said for one dollar, and sets him to a trader for four hundred dollars, and the unfortunate finds himself transferred from the Washington to the Alexandria jail for sale keeping till an opportunity is offered of sending him to the southern market. This case happened a few days since in this city. What should society award to the wretch who would buy a fellow creature for one dollar, and sell him into hopeless bondage for four hundred? Noble speculation!! We wish our distant readers to bear in mind that these things are done under the sanction of laws passed by their representatives. They should therefore look to it. —*Wald Columbia 11!*

Five pecks to the bushel. It is stated that a bill has passed in the House of Representatives in Congress, providing that, in the measurement of fruit, clove, &c. five pecks shall make a bushel! The probability is, that the members buy more apples and clove than they sell. Would it not be an object worth the attention of that legislative body, to decide how many ounces shall make a pound of wooden nutmegs; and how many dozen shall make a gross of horn thimbles? —*N. Bedford Gazette.*

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

What may be done by industrious habits. Mr. Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presided at 47 annual conferences. For more than 60 years, it was his constant practice to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period to preach every morning at five. He generally preached near 20 times a week, and frequently four hours a day. Notwithstanding this, very few have written more voluminously than he; history, &c. were all, at different times, the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society; but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been inflexible temperance, and unexhausted economy of time. Yet to suppose that he had no failing, or that he was free from foibles, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extreme of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great man.

In 1791 he finished his earthly career, in the 88th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near 40,000 sermons, and travelled about 400,000 miles.

Worcester Rep.

Mr. Whittington's Episcopal Sermon. This is a rare production, the perusal of which has afforded us infinite delight. Its subject is the defence of the Clergy from the countless aspersions cast upon them from many quarters. Undeniable truths are told in language, sometimes plain and forcible, occasionally elegant, and, again, most amusingly quaint and antiquated. We propose, on another occasion, to make copious extracts from this sermon, but at present we cannot resist the temptation to treat our readers to the subjoined literary morsel.

Boston Transcript.

But you will ask—is this representation just? The very first preachers in the colony might have been mortified and self-denying men. But did they not follow a very different class? Men who step into the influence which others had acquired; of a sort aristocratic character. We remember some, you will say, who seemed to rule with the rigor of a Roman priest-hood. We remember when the prelate of the parish used to stalk round, with his awful white wig—and his visage screwed into a formal sanctity—inspiring terrors into all the children he met. We remember the servile bows which we paid him and the gloomy terrors that he infused into our hearts. He was in fact the little rope of his seraphic dominion; and he exalted and received the triple crown. I wish not, my hearers, to defend any thing that is wrong; I see that manners have changed; and that much of that aristocratic trapping which distinguished the gentleman of the last age had disappeared. We are now becoming republicans in fashions, as well as in laws. If the clergy of the last age were austere and fond of influence I am sorry for the mistake. But I beseech you to be equal in your judgment. Were not other classes in the same error? We have laid aside monarchy, but some of its trappings and trappings remained. We had found the strong man; and turned him out of the house; but some of his furniture was left unspoiled. It is to be wished that even now our manners were a little more republican; that the rich and the poor would not live at such a dangerous distance; for depend on it, in order to be good republicans, you must be so throughout: to lead the people you must mix with the people; you must pour yourself into society; for liberty cannot last, when it is assailed by a system of manners, wholly contrary to its spirit. The clergy it is true partook of the general error. They had their faults. They put too much powder on their wigs. They wore large show-buckles; and I heartily wish they had been a little more familiar and condescending.—But surely the inveterate errors of an age and a profession are not the greatest crimes. We slide into them before we are aware of it; and as to their wig, I think I have seen some tremendous wigs on the heads of hyacinths, and I am not sure that they covered up any more brains.

Refuge in Love-pool. Mr. Eberton Smith congratulated the freemen of Liverpool on the glorious achievements of that day, (applause.) He had been much amused on taking up the *Sheffield Iris* that morning, by meeting with a little *jeu d'esprit*, which was most happy in its allusion to the present circumstance of Liverpool, and which was not the least pleasing to him for the bulb pen with which it was pointed (laughter.) With their permission he would read it—

"Soon must Corry God's furies yield,
And fly, confounded and dismay'd;
Soon spent and vanquish'd, quit the field,
In spite of all that *Gawrag* would!"

(Shouts of laughter and cheers.)

Gypsum or Plaster of Paris. History informs us that the utility of Gypsum for grass was first discovered in Germany by a laborer at the quarry; passing across a meadow to shorten the distance home, he discovered the luxuriance of the grass, where he had travelled, and imagining that the dust of Gypsum from his clothes must have been the cause, tried the experiment, and the event answered his expectations.

Middletown Sentinel.

OH! NO I NEVER SHALL FORGET.

A BALLAD.—WRITTEN BY THOMAS H. BAILY, ESQ.

Oh! no I never shall forget,
When in our early years,
She smiled, and should I heave a sigh,
Should calm my rising fears;
Her name, I ne'er can mention it,
It glows within my breast;
Her words I never shall forget,
Till in the grave I rest.

Her beauty, unsurpass'd by none,
None with her form could vie;
Her virtue, Ah! the poor can tell,
And spirits in the sky;
She lov'd me, why I was bereav'd,
Of her, none can replace;
Oh! when shall I again behold,
That form, that smile, that face

Like one unbelov'd all around,
I fancy she is nigh.
Oh! could I take her in my arms,
She'd drive away the sigh;
And yet that sigh a pleasure gives,
Though short, within my breast,
Her words, I never shall forget,
Till in the grave I rest.

Translated from the *Courant des Etats Unis*.

AUTO DA FE AT LISBON.

[Don Miguel inquisitor.]

And for today, Gilbair?—
My lord and master, a ride on horseback.
No. Something else; proceed.
A promenade beside the Tagus.
There is a French vessel at anchor in the harbor. Her colors affect my nerves. Try it again.
My lord and master, your pleasures are not quite exhausted, and, thank heaven, there yet remain to you bottles to be uncorked, and duchesses to sit at your fetes.
More Gilbair, then I have the zest to enjoy. Already I tremble like an old man, and I have not seen my twenty-sixth year. My memory is gone; I cannot think or reflect. My head is a piece of confusion; my body one mass of sensations. I should think that a king could endure more.
My lord and master, you are to, hard upon yourself. It is youth which produces in you this impatience of life. Till you're wiser you—

Totus! I was he who burnt Rome, was it not?

If you please, Sir.

To tell the truth, my old convulsions have become inoperable. The excursions? Hm, they are well enough once or twice, but are always pretty much the same thing. A man you drown—what is he but a body which dips into the water, is pulled up with two or three pints in his lungs, and that is the end of it. The gibbet? Will do for the people, but for me—Gilbair, I cannot find in it but one moment of entertainment, and that is when the fellow's tongue becomes green and foamy in his throat.
Perhaps, Sir, you would like to taste of a little chemistry.

Clemency—is it good? I figure to myself, it is a beautiful woman who does not bite; some Tagus water mingled with old wine—this clemency of yours.

My lord and master, it is just as I think.
Gilbair, why have our laws permitted the custom of Auto D. F. to fall into disuse, the punishment by fire? They have been refreshing on a warm summer night!

Sure, the best things pass away.

What if I should give the people a taste of Auto Da Fe?

You are aware that since revolutionaries await their sentences in the prisons of your majesty.

They are judged and condemned.

To what, Sir?

To first tomorrow let the windows of the palace which look upon the square be opened. I invite to this fête my friends, all the young nobles who enliven my evenings, all the ladies of my nobility. Gilbair you make preparations for an excellent supper at seven. Fire and diamonds should be seen at night. At last, I have found a fête!
And when dusk night descended, gowned with stars, the streets deserted their inmates. They flock to the square and some upon pikes where they can behold the spectacle which is preparing beneath the windows of the King. Pyramids of dry wood, resinous faggots and burning torches are waiting for the human flesh, which they are about to consume. At last the prisons open, and nine victims clothed in sanbenitos, and bearing flambeaux, are conducted to the great square.

Lo! one has already mounted the pile. Don Miguel of fers a glass of Champagne to the Count Perez. The revolutionary saint shrives up the hair catches from the resin, and the victim is wrapped in flames. "Long live Don Miguel!"

The second ascends.

His Majesty touches with the tip of a fan the cheek of a duchess whose attention was distracted. "How amiable is the young King!"

The whole nine pass on. "Long live!" long live Don Miguel! All the bottles are emptied; all the duchesses are embowered. The ensuing morning you might see dogs in the street who were gnawing human bones; on the square before the palace there yet lay fragments of bottles, a few dusty plumes, and some girdles, which had fallen from the balcony.

The next day was Good Friday.

Following an Example. A countryman sitting at a public dinner table, while eating his honey, saw a shabby genteel gentleman opposite him pocket a silver table spoon. He said nothing at the time, but when the company adjourned into the bar-room, with a silver spoon in his hand, he thus accosted the landlord.

"What might I ha' to pay you for my dinner?"

"Twenty-five cents, sir."

"Well, what will you give me for this 'ere spoon?"

"That spoon, you rascal!—that's mine."

"Is it though?—well, now, I did not think any on 'em belonged to you. You see, I see'd this 'ere gentleman, (taking the stranger by the arm,) put a spoon in his pocket, so I thought I'd follow his example and take one too."

The varabond was scarched and the table-spoon found in his possession.

Baltimore Minerva.

ALively Debate. In the senate-house at Barbadoes, the members drink punch. On one occasion, when Pinkard, the traveller was there, two persons suddenly appeared with a large bowl and a two quart glass filled with punch and sangaree. These were first presented to the speaker, who after dipping deep into the bowl, passed it among the members. Nor was the audience forgotten, as it was considered to be correctly in order for strangers to join in this part of the debate.

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